

Attu was really amazing. We would be 10 minutes away from landing at Attu sometimes coming in off patrol; could see Attu, the sun would be shining. By the time we got there, Attu would be closed in. Shemya, the island and the air field, a few miles from Attu would also be fogged in. And some days we had to go clear to Adak to land because there was nowhere else to land in the fog.



Dutch Harbor 1945
From Left-Cook, 2nd Mech
Skinner, 1st. Radioman
Sweet, 1st. Mech & Plane
Captain, Elderkin, Ordnance
Ingalls, 2nd. Radioman

Our squadron left Attu in October and we were relieved by Squadron VP-46. I understand that the squadron lost half of their men. They were going and bombing Paramushiro in the Japanese Kurile Islands and quite a few of them were shot down.

They were dropping 40 pound fragmentation bombs from the blisters; dropping the bombs by hand. They would take off from Attu in the bunks which were made from canvas, in the back of the plane. They would have fragmentation bombs lined up on the bunk and would pass them from hand to hand back to the blister where the fellas would drop the bombs. It was very

dangerous. And the flying ... a lot of them, the weather got them on the way back to Attu, and others were shot down. A couple of the crews went to Russia because they couldn't make it back to Attu and were interred in Russia for the length of the war.

We left Attu, our squadron, in October, and returned to the States. We formed up, stayed at Whidbey Island during the winter and trained different crews and wound up going back to Attu, I think in June of 1944, for squadron VP-61.